

THE
Inns, and the Outs!!
OR THE
SALTERS' LAMENTATION!

A NEW SONG.

Air, "Ah! where are you going Sweet Robin?"

Ah! where are you going Poor Terry?
What makes you so dull and so sad?
I once saw the day you were merry,
And plenty of work to be had!
But how comes it now, you are *Popping*
Has CA—L—N's honor run shy——
That all his *Old Salters* are dropping
Ingratitude's tear from their eye!

He answered——would any believe him
Unless that they heard him in *church*
That all his poor Salters should leave him——
Oh Yes! they're all left in the lurch
To Tedy that knew him for ever——
And louseled his *first pot of Beer*
He gave his discharge clean and clever
Nor cared tho' he shed a *Salt* tear!

Oh! stay but a moment——I'll tell you
How this Consternation took place,
And show how some Statesmen will sell you
When *Interest* shows her damn'd face,
You see,——Since he's got *great* and *grand* sir,
He carries a *very high head*!!!!
And scarcely will make you an Answer,
Unless you are *baking his bread*.

Some mornings ago we were *Saving*
Nor thought we'd be hungry or dry,
When all got a notice for leaving——
And that too, when Easter was nigh:
But now you must know all about it,
He's set up for Parliament-Man,
And none of us ever had *Voted*——
So, *Freemen* best answered his plan.

Oh come I have one sorry four-pence,
We'll have a dry drink for his sake,
Who knows but our God may send more pence
Tho' Jerry our labour won't take,—
'Then here's to the City we live in,
And give her two eyes in her head,
'To see how poor Salters are grieving
For want of the *Freedom of Bread*.

Says Paddy, Oh, Terry, I'll tack it,
And just give a bit of a mend,
I'm sure ev'ry Cork-Man will back it,
And alone give his Vote to a *Friend*,
Here's then,—“When the heart does nt savor,
“Of *Feeling* to other men's Pain,
“When its *Pride* bids it ask for a *Favor*,
“M—'t seek for that *Favor* in *Vain*.”